Prince. Come hither, *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis* ?

Francis. Forſooth five yeeres, and as much as to——

Poynes. *Francis.*

Franis. Anon, anon, ſir.

Prince. Five yeares: berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valliant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it ?

Francis. O Lord ſir, i'le be ſworne upon all the Bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poynes. *Francis.* *Francis.* Anon ſir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis* ?

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmus* next I ſhall be——

Poynes. *Francis.*

Francis. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay, but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas but a penny worth, waſt not ?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poynes *Francis,* *Francis.* Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon *Francis* ? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis* or *Francis*, on Thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, Caddice-garter, Smooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch ?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who doe you meane ?

Prince. Why then your Browne-baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*: your white canvaſſe Doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir ; *Poynes.* *Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call ?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and heareſt ſuch a calling ? looke to the Gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, ſhall I let them in ?

Pri. Let them alone a while, and then open the dore: *Poynes*

Poynes. Anon, anon ſir. *Enter Poynes.*

Pri. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeves, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry ?

Poy. As merry as Crickets, my Lad: but harke yee, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the Drawer? come, what's the iſſue ?

Pri I am now of all humors, that have ſhewed themſelves humors, ſince the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent Twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, *Francis* ?

Francis. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words then a Parrat, and yet the ſon of a woman. His induſtry is up ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Perceys* minde, the *Hotſpur* of the *North*, he that kils me ſome 6. or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſayes to his wife, Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? Give my Roan horſe a drench (ſayes he) and anſwers, ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, i'le play *Percy*, and that damn'd *Brawne* ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife: *Rivo*, ſaies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poynes. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou been ?

Falſ. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, mary and Amen: give me a cup of ſacke, Boy. E're I lead this life long, i'le ſow nether ſtocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Give me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant ?

Prince. Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butter; pittifull hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſweet tale of the Sun ? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.